



# ALIEN

A detailed black and white line drawing of the Nostromo spaceship from the movie Alien. The ship is shown from a three-quarter perspective, appearing to be in a dark, possibly underwater or space environment. Several long, thick, tentacle-like appendages are wrapped around the ship, particularly concentrated around the rear and side sections, suggesting it is being captured or restrained.

## THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

Screenplay by Dan O'Bannon. Story by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett.

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Edited by Charles Lippincott.



# ALIEN

## THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

by Archie Goodwin  
and Walter Simonson

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Heavy Metal presents

# ALIEN



## THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

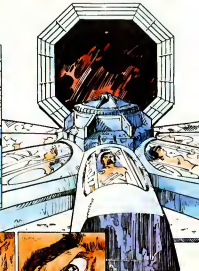
by Archie Goodwin and Walter Simonson

Based on Twentieth Century-Fox's science fiction hit, *Alien*

"WE LIVE AS  
WE DREAM—  
ALONE."  
JOSEPH CONRAD



ENDING WITH THE  
SILENCE...



...A LONG, COLD  
SLEEP.



STIFFLY, SILENTLY, THEY ENTER, IGNORING THE EXECUTIVE OFFICER, KANE, FOR THE COFFEE HE'S BREWED

SHIP'S NAVIGATOR...



...LAMBERT.



IT. CAPTAIN...  
DALLAS.



SCIENCE  
OFFICER...  
AGH.

WARRANT OFFICER...  
RIPLEY.



ENGINEER...  
PARKER.



AND HIS  
TECHNICIAN...  
BRETT.

SEVEN BEINGS, TWO FEMALE, FIVE MALES, GRADUALLY BEGINNING TO FEEL HUMAN AGAIN.



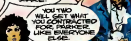
FORE WE  
DOCK, MAYBE  
WE'D BETTER GO  
OVER THE BONUS  
SITUATION.



RIGHT.



BRETT AND  
I THINK WE DE-  
SERVE A FULL  
GRADE.



YOU TWO  
WILL GET WHAT  
YOU CONTRACTED  
FOR, PARKER.  
LIKE EVERYONE  
ELSE.



EXCEPT MAYBE  
FOR JONES, THE  
DAMN CAT...



EVERYONE  
ELSE GETS  
MORE THAN  
US.

RIGHT.



EVERYONE ELSE  
DESERVES MORE  
THAN YOU.

DALLAS...



...GOT A  
YELLOW  
LIGHT. MOTHER  
WANTS TO  
TALK TO  
YOU.



I SAW  
IT, AGH.

THE REST OF  
YOU HIT YOUR  
STATIONS.

YELLOW LIGHT...

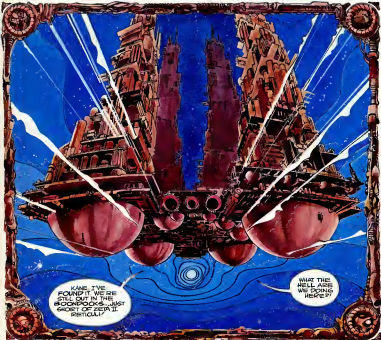
...CAPTAIN'S EYES ONLY...



THE BRIDGE: SWITCHES ARE THROWN. POWER CELLS HAVE LIGHTS FLICKER. A GARGOYLE COMES FULLY TO LIFE.

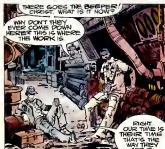






KANE, I'VE  
FOUND IT. WE'RE  
STILL OUT IN THE  
BOONDOCKS...JUST  
SHORT OF ZETA II  
RETICULI.

WHAT THE  
HELL ARE  
WE DOING  
HERE?



THERE GOES THE BEESPER!  
CHRIST. WHAT IS IT NOW?

WHY DON'T THEY  
EVER COME DOWN  
HERE? THIS IS WHERE  
THE WORK IS.

RIGHT.  
OUR TIME IS  
THEIR TIME.  
THAT'S THE  
WAY THEY  
SEE IT.

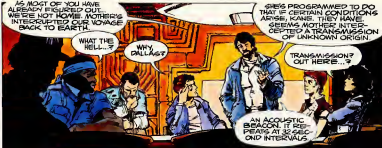


IT'S WHY WE  
ONLY GET HALF A  
SHARE TO THEIR.

PARKER,  
THIS IS RIDLEY.  
CAN'T YOU TWO HEAR  
THE BEESPER?  
POST TO THE  
MESS.



I'LL TELL YOU  
SOMETHING, BRETT.  
IT STINKS.





# THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

by Archie Goodwin and Walter Simonson

APPROACHING  
ORBITAL APOGEE.  
MARK TWENTY  
SECONDS.

NINETEEN...  
EIGHTEEN...

ROLL Q2  
DEGRESS  
STARBOARD  
YAW!

EQUATORIAL  
ORBIT MAILED!  
ASH SHOUT IF  
THE EC PRES-  
SURE READING  
CHANGES

WORRIED ABOUT RE-  
DUNDANCY MANAGEMENT  
DISABLING CMG-S CON-  
TROL. IF WELL ALIGNMENT  
WITH SACS AND MONITOR  
THROUGH  
COMPU-  
TER IN-  
TERFACE.

FEEL  
BETTER?

A LOT. PREPARE TO DISENGAGE...



1. ALIGNMENT ON  
PORT AND STAR-  
BOARD IS GREEN.

GREEN ON  
SPINAL  
UNBELIEVABLE  
SEVERANCE.



CROSSING THE TERMIN-  
ATION. NIGHT SIDE COMING  
UP.

STAND BY,  
FIVE SEC-  
ONDS. FOUR  
THREE TWO  
ONE.



DISENGAGE.



OKAY, THE  
MONEY'S  
SAFE. LET'S  
GO DOWN-  
STAIRS.



DROPPING  
50,000 METERS  
DOWN. DOWN  
40,000.

ENTERING  
ATMOSPHERE.



UPRULLENCE, DALLAS...  
BAD.

AND NOT LIKELY TO  
GET BETTER. LET'S  
HAVE THE NAVIGA-  
TIONAL LIGHTS.



WHAT IN  
HELL WAS  
THAT?

PRESSURE DROP  
IN INTAKE THREE,  
PARKER?

GOD-  
DAMN!  
WE'VE  
LOST A  
SHIELD!

SHUT 'ER DOWN,  
BRETT? WE GOT  
AN ENGINE  
FLU A  
CRAP!

THINK I'M NOT  
TRYIN' AT JEEZUS.  
DOLLARS TO YOUR  
AUNT'S CHERRY--



--IF WE  
DON'T CRASH,  
WE GET AN  
ELECTRICAL  
FIRE!

APPROACHING  
POINT OF  
TRANS-  
MISSION  
ORIGIN.



AND I MARK SOME  
FLAT TERRAIN  
FURTHER ON.



LET'S GO  
WITH IT, TAKE  
HER DOWN!



KILL  
DRIVE  
ENGINES!

ACTIVATE  
LIFTER  
QUADS!

WIND-DARK, SCREAMING-CLAWS  
AT THE DESCENDING MODULE.

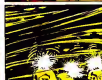
THEN, SHAKING-  
SHUDDERING...

WE'VE  
DOWN.  
BUT...



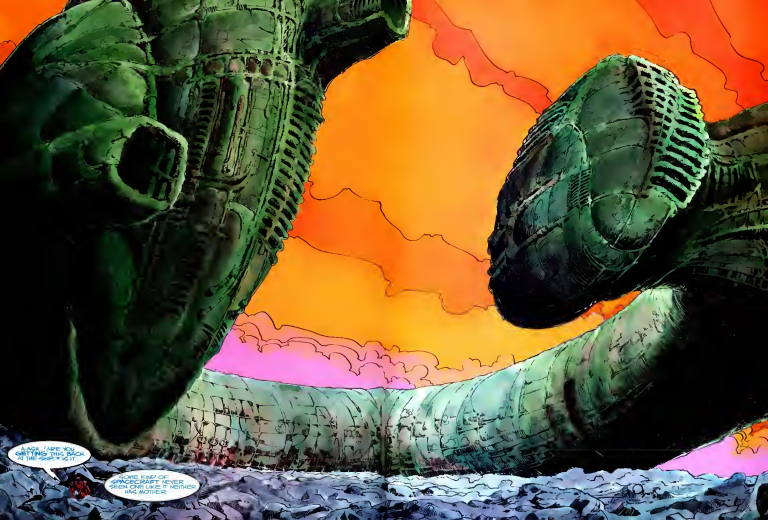








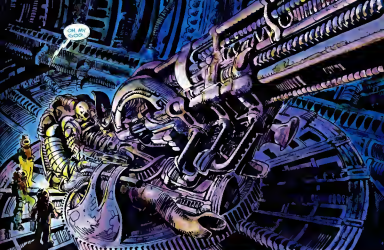




WAG: I AM YOU  
GETTING THIS BACK  
AT THE SHIP & SO IT

SOME KIND OF  
SPACECRAFT NEVER  
SEEN ONE LIKE IT NEITHER  
HAS MOTHER





ON MY  
GOOD





KANE  
YOU OKAY  
IN THERE?

IT'S  
WORK I'M  
BELOW  
GROUND  
LEVEL.  
HAINET HIT  
BOTTOM

REMEMBER  
OUT IN UNDER  
TEN MINUTES  
AND DON'T UNHOOK  
FROM THE  
CABLE

WE ARE  
SKIPPER



ASH? RIDLEY MOTHER'S  
DISCIPHERED PART OF  
THAT TRANSMISSION

I'M  
AFRAID  
IT MAY  
NOT  
BE  
AN  
S.O.S.



THEN  
WHAT  
IS  
IT?

SHE  
THINKS  
IT MAY  
BE A  
WARNING



WE'VE GOT  
TO GET  
THROUGH  
TO THEM RIGHT  
AWAY

NO  
USE NOT  
WHILE  
THEY'RE  
INSIDE  
THAT  
SHIP



THEN I'M  
GOING OUT  
AFTER  
THEM

I DON'T  
THINK  
SO

WE'RE AT  
MINIMUM  
TAKEOFF  
CAPABILITY  
NOW. THAT'S  
WHY DALLAS  
LEFT US ON  
BOARD



ASH,  
I STILL  
THINK WE  
SHOULD  
GO

WHAT'S THE POINT,  
RELEVE IN THE TIME  
IT TAKES TO GET  
THERE. THEY'LL  
KNOW IF IT'S A  
WARNING





GUNSET..

WE'VE  
GOT  
THEY  
RIPLEY..

THEY'RE  
BACK ON THE  
SCREENS.

DALLAS? DALLAS,  
CAN YOU READ ME?

WE HEAR  
YOU RIPLEY  
WE'RE COMING  
BACK KANE'S  
INJURED WE'LL  
NEED SOME  
HELP GETTING  
HIM IN.

ASH, RIPLEY  
I'M ON MY WAY TO  
THE INNER-LOCK  
HATCH.

UH, DALLAS?  
WHAT EXACTLY  
HAPPENED  
TO KANE?

SOME... SOME KIND OF  
ORGANISM, IT'S ATTACHED  
ITSELF TO HIM.

WE'RE COMING  
UP NOW. GOTTA  
GET HIM TO THE  
INFIRMARY.

I NEED  
A CLEAR  
DEFINITION  
DALLAS.

THE OPEN  
THE HATCH,  
RIPLEY.



INNER HATCH OPEN



THE INFIRMARY. A LIFE-  
FORM GLOWY PULSES  
PULSES ON THE FACE  
OF THE NOSTROMO'S  
EXECUTIVE OFFICER,  
KANE.

IT SEEMS TO  
HAVE... BURNED  
RIGHT THROUGH THE  
VIEWPLATE OF  
HIS HELMET,  
ASH.









ANY  
ACID  
GET ON  
KANE?

DOESN'T LOOK  
LIKE IT, RIPLEY.

AND IT'S  
STOPPED  
DRIPPING  
THAT  
CRAP

WOUND HEALED  
OVER. I WOULDN'T  
TRY TO TAKE IT OFF  
AGAIN, DALLAS.



I'D BETTER START  
INTRAVENOUS FEEDING

SO FAR THINGS  
AIN'T WORKING  
OUT REAL GOOD  
TODAY.

SO FAR I  
CAN'T TELL WHAT  
THE ALIEN HAS  
ABSORBED  
FROM KANE'S  
SYSTEM.



AND THE LIFE FORM ON THE  
FACE OF THE REFINERY  
TANKERS EXECUTIVE  
OFFICER...



...CONTINUES TO SLOWLY  
PULSE.



PARKER! BRETT!  
IS TWELVE MODULE  
FIXED? WHAT'S  
HAPPENING  
DOWN THERE?

I'LL  
TELL HER  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENING.  
MY JOHN-  
SON IS  
HAPPENING.



LOT OF HARD WORK, RIPLEY.

REAL  
WORK. YOU  
OUGHT TO  
TRY IT SOME  
TIME.



PARKER I'VE GOT THE  
TOUGHEST JOB ON THIS SHIP..

I HAVE TO LISTEN TO  
YOUR BULLSHIT.



ANYTHING  
NEW ON THE CREATURE,  
ASH?

IT'S COMBINED  
OF PROTEIN  
POLYSAC-  
CHARIDES  
AND POLAR-  
IZED SILICON..

...GIVING IT  
PROLONGED  
RESISTANCE  
TO ADVERSE  
CONDITIONS  
ENOUGH?



PLENTY. WHAT'S IT MEANT?

IT'S PRACTICALLY  
INVULNERABLE.

ONE  
TOUGH  
LITTLE  
SON OF A  
BITCH!



IS THAT WHY YOU  
LET IT IN AGAINST  
MY ORDERS?

WHEN DALLAS AND  
KANE ARE OFF THE  
SHIP I'M SENIOR  
OFFICER, ASH.  
SOMETHING YOU  
SEEM TO  
FORGET.



LIKE YOU FORGOT THE  
SCIENCE DIVISION'S  
BASIC QUARANTINE  
LAW.

THE FIRST POSITION  
OF SCIENCE IS THE  
PROTECTION AND  
BETTERMENT OF  
HUMAN LIFE.

I TAKE MY  
RESPONSIBILITY  
SERIOUSLY, RIPLEY.  
JUST DO YOUR JOB.  
I'LL DO MINE!

OUTSIDE, THE WINDS SHRIEK  
DUST POUNDS THE NOSTROMO'S  
HULL, AND TIME PASSES.

DALLAS, IT'S  
ASH. PERHAPS  
YOU AND RIPLEY  
SHOULD COME HAVE A  
LOOK AT KANE.  
SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENED.

SERIOUS?

INTERESTING.



IT'S  
GONE!

DOORS CLOSED.  
DALLAS, IT MUST  
STILL BE IN HERE.



THERE ARE  
PLENTY OF NOOKS  
AND CRANNIES  
WHERE IT CAN  
HIDE.

BETTER  
USE LIGHT  
PROBES.

BUT  
WHATEVER  
YOU DO, DON'T  
DAMAGE IT.



YEAH, CAN'T  
GRAB  
IT... CAN'T  
KILL IT.

LET'S HOPE  
TO HELL THERE'S  
A WAY WE CAN  
CATCH IT.







WILLAS, HOW COULD YOU LEAVE A DECISION ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH THE CREATURE TO ME?

COMPANY OVERSEER REPLY, I RUN THE SHIP ANYTHING TO DO WITH SCIENCES DIVISION, HE HAS FINAL SAY

THAT NEVER USED TO BE STANDARD PROCEDURE, YOU SHIP OUT WITH SH BEFORE?

NO FIRST TIME

HE HAS A LAST MINUTE REPLACEMENT, BUT SO WHAT? SO WHERE YOU?

I DON'T TRUST HIM.

I DON'T TRUST ANYONE, BUT I JUST HAD TO HAIL CARGO WHAT'S WITH THE REPAIRS?

STILL THINGS TO DO, WE'VE BLIND ON B AND C DECKS, RESERVE POWER SYSTEMS BLOWN...

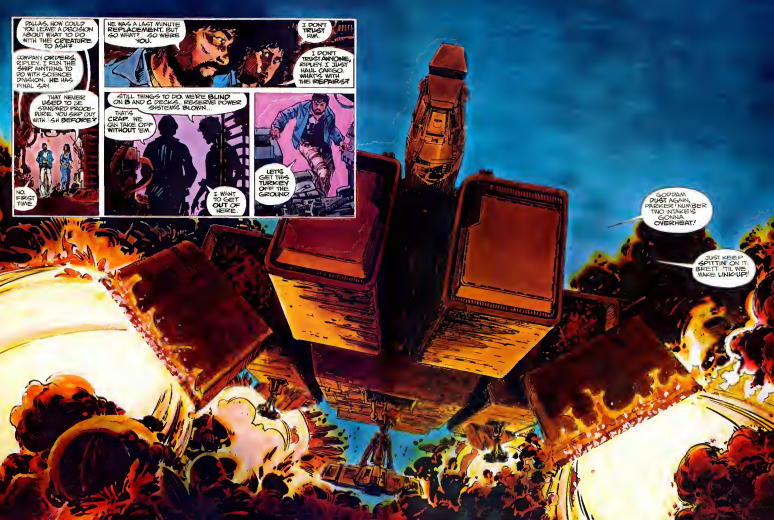
THAT'S CRAP, WE CAN TAKE OFF WITHOUT EM.

I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE.

LET'S GET THIS TURKEY OFF THE GROUND

GOODMAN, DUST NANN, PARKER, NUMBER TWO, NINERS, GONNA OVERHEAT!

JUST KEEP SPITTING ON IT, BRETT, 'TIL WE MAKE LINK-UP!





WALK IN THE  
PARK. WHEN WE  
FIX SOMETHING,  
IT STAYS  
FIXED.



FIRE UP THE BIG  
ONES, RIFLEY.  
LET'S GO HOME.



THAT'S A ROGER.  
ALL GUARDS ACTIVE.  
ALL GREEN. ALL  
SYSTEMS GO.

FEEB'S.  
GET ME OUT  
OF HERE.



WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN  
WITH KANE NOW, DALLAS?  
MURDER. BEST TO JUST  
FREEZE HIM. STOP THE  
PUSHA. LET THE DOGS  
ON EARTH LOOK  
AT HIM.

RIGHT.

YOU KNOW  
BRETT, WHEN  
EVER PARKER  
SAYS ANYTHING,  
YOU SAY  
"RIGHT."

RIGHT.

KNOCK IT  
OFF KANE WILL  
HAVE TO GO INTO  
QUARANTINE.

YEAH.  
AND SO WILL  
WE.

HOW ABOUT  
SOMETHING TO  
LOWER YOUR  
SPIRITS?



OKAY,  
LAFRETT.  
THRILL  
ME.

BY MY  
CALCULATIONS,  
BASED ON TIME  
GETTING TO AND  
FROM THE  
PLANET AND ON  
THE SPEED WHICH



GIVE ME THE SHORT  
VERSION. HOW FAST?

TEN  
MONTHS  
IN THE  
FREEZER.

CHRIST.



BEET



THIS IS ASH,  
DALLAS. I THINK  
YOU CAN GET AN  
EXTRA PLACE  
FOR DINNER.



ROTTEN LIKE SOME-  
BODY'S BEEN HITTING  
ME WITH A STICK.



...BUT I'VE  
HAD BETTER,  
TOO. IF YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
I MEAN.



ERUPTION! A  
SCARLET SHOWER  
OF FLESH OF  
BLOOD





IT MOVES.

FASTER THAN  
THE EYE  
CAN FOLLOW.

MORE THAN  
THE MIND CAN  
ACCEPT.

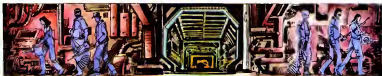
NO  
NO  
NO  
NO  
NO

PARKER, PARKER.

TAKE BRETT AND  
SEAL OFF THE  
IMMEDIATE  
AREA.

WE'VE GOT TO  
FIND THE LITTLE  
BASTARD

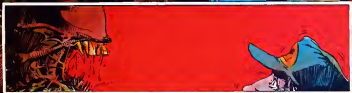
AND  
KILL  
IT







BRETT TRYING  
DESPERATELY  
TO SCREAM.  
THE SOUND WAS  
NOT IN HIM.







AAAAARRRG



BRETT FINDS  
THE SCREAM.



Request evaluation of procedure to terminate alien.  
AVAILABLE DATA INSUFFICIENT.  
Request options to procedure.  
AVAILABLE DATA INSUFFICIENT.  
What are my chances?  
DOES NOT COMPUTE.









THAT'S IT!  
ALL WE FOUND.  
NO SIGN OF  
DALLAS.

NO  
BLOOD.  
NOTHING.



THIS PUTS  
YOU IN  
COMMAND,  
RIPLEY.



UNLESS SOMEONE HAS  
A BETTER IDEA ABOUT  
DEALING WITH THE ALIEN,  
WE'LL PROCEED WITH  
DALLAS'S PLAN.



BULLSHIT.  
ABANDON  
SHIP.

TAKE THE SHUTTLE  
CRAFT AND GET  
THE HELL OUT  
OF HERE.



BESIDES  
THE RISK IN  
WHETHER YOU'LL  
BE PICKED UP  
YOU'RE  
FORGETTING  
SOMETHING.  
LAMBERT.



NOW, MOTHER, YOU  
DON'T SEEM TO HAVE  
HELPED DALLAS  
MUCH.

MAYBE  
HE ASKED  
THE WRONG  
QUESTIONS.



I'M GOING TO  
KEEP PUNCHING  
CODE COMBIN-  
ATIONS...

UNTIL YOU  
HAVE ONE.

FINALLY  
A  
SCREEN  
COMES  
TO  
LIFE.



DON'T HOLD OUT  
ON ME, MOTHER!  
THIS IS AN  
EMERGENCY  
COMMAND  
OVERRIDE,  
10073.

WHAT IS  
SPECIAL ORDER  
937?



DAMN  
IT. NO  
ANSWER.



Request identification on science  
facility to neutralize alien.

UNABLE TO CLARIFY.

Request enhancement.

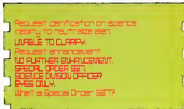
NO FURTHER ENHANCEMENT.

SPECIAL ORDER 937.

SCIENCE DIVISION OFFICER

EVES ONLY.

What is Special Order 937?



NUSTRONID RECALCULATED TO COORDINATES  
R62D 0-62992.

INVESTIGATION LIFE FORM BATHER

SPECIMEN PRIORITY ONE.

URGENT RETURN OF ORGANISM TO MIL-80 LAB.

ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS

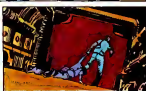
SECONDARY.

ALL PREVIOUS PRIORITIES RESOLVED.





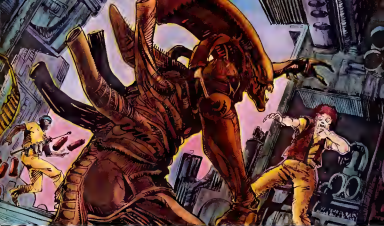
INSTINCT TELLS REPLY TO MOVE  
TO GET OUT. HER REACTIONS  
ARE SWIFT. IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE  
THAT ASH SHOULD BE EVEN  
SWIFTER.

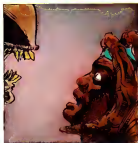


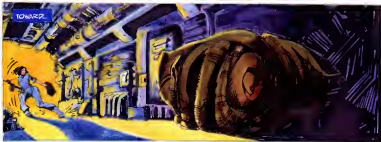












BACK INTO THE NO-STROMO, NOT DARING TO LOOK... AT WHAT MIGHT FOLLOW.





ATTENTION THE  
LIGHT-PLUS  
ENIGMES WILL  
OVERLOAD IN  
TWO MINUTES  
FIFTY SECONDS



MOTHER, I'VE  
REVERSED  
THE SERIES  
STOP THE  
COUNTDOWN

IT IS TOO  
LATE FOR  
REVERSAL  
ACTION



THE  
LIGHT-PLUS  
ENIGMES WILL  
OVERLOAD IN  
TWO MINUTES  
TEN SECONDS

MOTHER...



ATTENTION THE  
LIGHT-PLUS  
ENIGMES WILL  
OVERLOAD IN  
EXACTLY  
TWO MINUTES

ATTENTION THE  
LIGHT-PLUS  
ENIGMES WILL—

GOD  
DRAIN YOU,  
MOTHER!

NOW BACK AGAIN, MOTHER'S  
HAPPENING COUNTDOWN  
CONTINUING IN HER HEAD



ONE  
MINUTE,  
FORTY  
SECONDS  
LESS

NINETY SECONDS THE ACCESS CORRIDOR

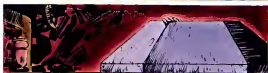


OH,  
CHRIST  
NOW, GOT  
TO BE—



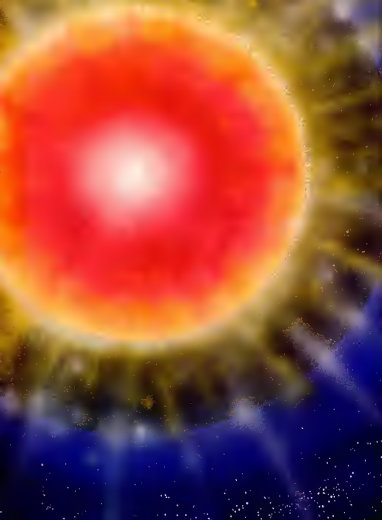
GONE!  
EITHER IT CAME  
BACK INTO THE  
NOSTROMO AFTER  
ME, OR...





SIXTY SECONDS. RIPLEY LOOKS FOR DEATH IN THE CRAMPED INTERIOR OF THE NARCISSUS, AND FINDS...





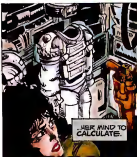
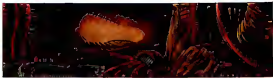
THE LIGHT OF TWO HUNDRED MILLION TONS OF FUEL FADES. THE SHOCK WIVES EBB. AND THE LIFEBOT NARCISSES SLOWLY PRETITS.



NO.

NO NO  
NO NO  
NO

RIPLY WANTS TO SCREAM,  
TO CRY. INSTEAD, SHE  
FORCES HER BODY TO  
MOVE...



...USE MIND TO  
CALCULATE.



HAVEN'T EVEN  
STIRRED. YOU'RE  
THAT DAMN SURE  
OF ME.



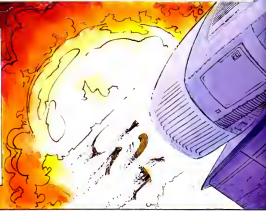
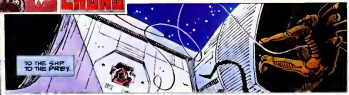
"YOU'VE GOT  
EVERYTHING IT  
TAKES TO OUTLAST  
ME. AND I'VE GOT  
NOWHERE ELSE  
I CAN GO.

LONG AS YOU'RE NOT  
STARVING, WHAT'S THE  
RUSH, RIGHT?





IT DOES WHAT IT DOES  
BEST. IT SURVIVES.  
AND SURVIVING, IT  
WORKS ITS WAY BACK.



REPRESSURIZING THE CABIN, RIPLEY, LAST SURVIVOR OF THE NOSTROMO, MOVES TO HER SLEEP VAULT.

IT ENDS AS IT BEGAN, WITH THE SHIP...

THE SHIP... AND THE SILENCE.

THE  
END





**Vacant.**

**Two space helmets resting on chairs.**

**Electrical hum.**

**Lights on the helmets begin to signal one another.**

**Moments of silence.**

**A yellow light goes on.**

**Electronic hum.**

**A green light goes on in front of one helmet.**

**Electronic pulsing sounds.**

**A red light goes on in front of the other helmet.**

**An electronic conversation ensues.**

**Reaches a crescendo.**

**Then silence.**

**And when the silence is broken... the crew of the *Nostromo* must grapple with a terrifying life force they cannot leash, nor even comprehend—the Alien!**

# ALIEN

## THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

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